A

SEQUEL

TO THE

Philanthropic Rambler.

By JANE TIMBURY,

Author of

THE MALE COQUET, &c. &c.

"He went about doing good!"

LONDON:

Printed for the Author; and sold by Meſſrs. G. G. J. and J. Robinſon, Paternoſter-row; R. Faulder, New Bond-ſtreet; and J. Southern, St. James's-ſtreet.

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THE RESCUE.

Worth makes the Man, and want of it the
Fellow—
The Reſt is all—but Leather or Prunella.

POPE.

AT the concluſion of the firſt volume we left our Philanthropiſt purſuing his journey with a rapidity that left no room for adventures, till towards evening; being

rather fatigued with riding, he quitted his horſe, and gave it to his ſervant, with orders to wait for him at the next ſtage, to which he ſhould proceed on foot; but he had not walked more than a quarter of a mile when he was alarmed by a female voice calling for help; as the ſound ſeemed to proceed from the adjacent field, he loſt no time in deliberation, but inſtantly climbed the hedge, and having reached the other ſide perceived a genteel-looking young woman ſtruggling to diſengage herſelf from the arms of a well-dreſſed man, who, in ſpite of her cries and reſiſtance, was proceeding to take

ſome

ſome very indecent liberties; at the approach of Benevolus, he quitted his prey, and advancing towards him with a ferocious look, demanded who he was, and what buſineſs he had there?

'My buſineſs,' ſaid Benevolus, 'is to prevent you from offering 'any further inſult to that Lady.'

'You are very impertinent, Sir; 'how dare you take the liberty to 'controul my actions?'

'I dare do any thing in defence of injured innocence!'

'Innocence,' repeated the ſtranger with a ſneer, 'pray what do 'you know of that Lady's inno-'cence?—Did you ever ſee her be-'fore?'

'No.'

'Why then ſhe may be a com-'mon proſtitute for any thing you 'know to the contrary?'

'Suppoſing ſhe were ſuch,' replied Benevolus, 'you have no 'right to inſult her; but from her 'perſeverance in reſiſting your li-'centious attempts, I am perſuaded 'ſhe is a modeſt woman.'

'A de-

'A deviliſh proof of her mo-
'deſty to be ſure, to make an up-
'roar becauſe ſhe heard ſomebody
'coming; prythee, friend, go about
'your buſineſs, and leave us to
'ſettle matters between ourſelves,
'we ſhall ſoon come to a right un-
'derſtanding, I believe, without
'your aſſiſtance.'

'For Heaven's ſake, Sir,' ſaid the young woman, catching hold of Benevolus, 'do not leave me 'in the power of that wretch!'

'Don't be alarm'd, Madam,' he replied, 'ſo far from having any 'intention to leave you, I am de-

'termined to protect you, though 'at the hazard of my life.'

'Very heroic upon my word; 'what you fancy yourſelf a Knight-'errant I ſuppoſe, bound to give 'your aſſiſtance to all damſels in 'diſtreſs; but depend upon it your 'Quixotiſm will be of no uſe here, 'and therefore begone I ſay, and 'content yourſelf with diſplaying 'your gallantry to the vulgar, but 'don't preſume to take theſe liber-'ties with a Gentleman.'

'That is an appellation,' ſaid Benevolus, 'which you ſeem to 'have no claim to.'

'No

'No claim to it; why, I am the 'ſon of a Peer.'

'Very poſſible, Sir; but you may 'be the ſon of a Prince without be-'ing a Gentleman.'

'But, Sir, I have the beſt eſtate 'of any man in this country.'

'So much the worſe, Sir, I am 'ſorry for it.'

'Sorry, pray what right have 'you to be ſorry for it?'

'Convinced by your preſent be-'haviour,' ſaid Benevolus, 'that 'the

'the wealth you boaſt of will be
'employed in oppreſſing and injur-
'ing, rather than aſſiſting your fel-
'low-creatures:—I am ſorry that
'you have it as much in your power
'as your inclination to do miſ-
'chief.'

'This inſolence is no longer to
'be borne, if you do not therefore
'quit the place immediately, I
'ſhall be under the neceſſity of
'giving you proper chaſtiſement.'

'I deſpiſe your threats,' replied Benevolus, 'as much as I deteſt
'your principles, and to convince
'you that I am not to be intimi-
'dated,

'dated, if this Lady chooſes to put 'herſelf under my protection, I'll 'take care to prevent you from 'giving her any farther moleſta-'tion.'

At theſe words he took her hand, and putting it under his arm, walked on with great compoſure, leaving the field, not to the victor, but the vanquiſhed, who, enraged at his diſappointment, beſtowed ſome hearty curſes on them both, of which they were ſoon out of hearing.

The young woman, after thanking her deliverer in terms equally polite

polite and grateful, informed him, that ſhe had been for ſometime on a viſit to a relation, who reſided at the next village, and was tenant to the worthleſs being by whom ſhe had been inſulted, that having ſpent the day about three miles diſtant, and meeting him on her return, he perſuaded her to walk over the fields, as it was not only the moſt pleaſant, but by far the neareſt way home, promiſing at the ſame time to be her protector; in what manner he acquitted himſelf we have already related.

Benevolus having eſcorted his fair companion to the houſe of her relation,

relation, took his leave, and proceeding on his journey arrived the ſame night at his mother's, by whom he was received with open arms, and had the inexpreſſible ſatisfaction of finding her nearly recovered from her late indiſpoſition.

'Pardon me, my dear ſon,' ſaid the good old Lady, 'for giving you 'this needleſs alarm, that which I 'received as an immediate ſum-'mons to the grave, has proved to 'be only one of thoſe friendly 'warnings ſent by Divine Permiſ-'ſion, to remind us poor mortals, 'that we are but tenants at will in 'this manſion of clay.'

For

For rather more than a fortnight after his arrival, Benevolus dedicated his whole time to this affectionate and equally beloved parent, when finding her health as well eſtabliſhed as could be expected at the age of ſeventy, to which his preſence had not a little contributed, he left her to ſpend a week with a particular friend, whoſe country ſeat was about twenty miles diſtant, to which place we ſhall take the liberty to accompany him.

THE FEMALE DETRACTOR.

Good name in Man or Woman
Is th' immediate Jewel of our Souls.

Who ſteals my Purſe, ſteals traſh—'tis ſome-
thing—nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to
thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

'IT is not in the power of lan-
'guage,' ſaid Benevolus, repeating the above lines, 'to give a more

'juſt idea of Detraction, than 'what is conveyed to us by this ex-'cellent ſpeech. Few crimes, in-'deed, are leſs pardonable, ſince 'the calumniator has not even ſelf-'intereſt to plead in his excuſe, 'while (as the inimitable Shake-'ſpeare ſays) He robs another with-'out enriching himſelf.'

This obſervation was occaſioned by the following occurrence:

A few hours after the arrival of Benevolus at Mr. Clayton's (which was the name of his friend) the Lady of the houſe was ſummoned to the drawing-room to receive ſome

ſome female viſitors; among the reſt a Mrs. Tarniſh was announced.

'How is this, my dear,' ſaid the huſband, 'I thought you had 'dropped all intercourſe with that 'compound of envy, vanity and 'detraction.'

'I thought ſo too,' replied the Lady, 'as I never return her vi-'ſits, and, as much as poſſible, 'avoid receiving them; but I ſup-'poſe ſhe has collected ſome freſh 'ſcandal in her late excurſion to 'town, and is come to open the 'budget here; if ſhe does, I ſhall 'certainly affront her.'

'Leave that to me, my dear,' ſaid her huſband; 'as ſoon as my 'friend and I have finiſhed our bot-'tle we'll join you at the tea-'table.'

'Then pray be as expeditious as 'you can,' replied Mrs. Clayton, 'For fear (as Lady Teazel ſays) 'you ſhould not come time enough 'to ſave your own character.'

Mr. Clayton laughed at his wife's caution, which he promiſed to obey; then turning to Benevolus ſaid—'This Lady is a widow on 'the wrong ſide of fifty; but, by her 'own account, barely forty. She 'is

'is one of thoſe malignant beings
'who make it the buſineſs of their
'lives to publiſh the failings of
'their neighbours. A divorce, a
'bankruptcy, or the elopement of
'a favourite daughter, give her in-
'finite ſatisfaction; but any extra-
'ordinary ſhare of merit, eſpeci-
'ally in her own ſex, is ſure to
'create her averſion; and youth
'and beauty are with her moſt un-
'pardonable crimes. She has ſe-
'veral grand children, who are ſel-
'dom permitted to come near her,
'for fear they ſhould make her
'look old—So much for the por-
'trait; and now, my friend, you
'ſhall ſee the original, as you are a

'ſtranger to her, 'tis a hundred
'to one but ſhe makes free with
'ſome of your acquaintance.'

At theſe words, taking Benevolus by the arm, he conducted him to the drawing-room, when, having paid their compliments to the Ladies and taken their ſeats, Mr. Clayton, as if ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, ſtarted up, and approaching the widow, wiſhed her joy.

'Joy! Mr. Clayton,' replied the Lady (affecting to bluſh), 'Lord
'bleſs me! what you are in the
'ſame ſtory too; becauſe I have
'been a few weeks in town, my
'acquain-

'acquaintance have all got it in 'their heads that I have ſtole a 'wedding.'

'Upon my word,' he replied, 'I 'had no ſuch thoughts, I meant to 'give you joy of your increaſe of 'family. I hear your daughter is 'brought to-bed of her ſeventh 'child.'

'Fye, my dear,' ſaid Mrs. Clayton, 'how unpolite you are, to 'talk to a ſingle Lady about her 'grand-children.'

The widow coloured violently, and ſeemed at a loſs how to take it, when

when ſhe was relieved from her embarraſſment, by the entrance of another viſitor, who, being juſt arrived from town, Mr. Clayton aſked her the news.

'If you mean political news,' replied the Lady, 'I can give you 'but little intelligence, I am no 'politician you know; but perhaps 'Mr. Stamford's wedding will be 'ſome news.'

'What, our old neighbour,' ſaid Mr. Clayton.

'The ſame,' replied the Lady, 'after paying his addreſſes to half 'the

'the great fortunes in town, he has 'at laſt married a young girl with-'out a ſhilling.'

'If ſhe did not bring a fortune,' ſaid the widow, 'ſhe knows how 'to ſpend one; he'll ſoon be weary 'of his bargain I fancy, ſhe is ſo 'horridly extravagant.'

'I have never heard that ſhe was 'charged with that failing,' ſaid the Lady, 'and, indeed, it is hardly 'poſſible to judge of her diſpoſiti-'on in that reſpect, ſhe has been 'ſo ſhort a time in town.'

'Short

'Short as the time is, ſhe has 'diſcovered a terrible propenſity to 'gaming:—I was told ſhe loſt an 'hundred pounds at Mrs. Gay-'love's rout.'

'You have been miſinformed, I 'aſſure you, Madam; I was there 'the whole time ſhe ſtaid, and can 'affirm that ſhe never touched a 'card.'

'Lord bleſs me,' cried the widow, lifting up her eyes, 'how can 'people propagate ſuch ſtories? 'well, I proteſt, there is no ſpeak-'ing after any body. But pray, 'Madam, did you ſee her ſiſter? 'nay,

'nay, you muſt have ſeen her, for
'ſhe takes her every where with
'her, by way of a foil, I ſuppoſe;
'what a homely little creature it is.

'She is rather plain to be ſure,' replied the Lady, 'but the beau-
'ties of her mind make ample
'amends for the imperfections of
'her perſon; ſhe is a moſt engag-
'ing companion, and appears to
'be a very amiable, virtuous
'young woman.'

'Virtuous,' repeated the widow, with a ſneer, 'O, there is not the
'leaſt doubt of that I believe; her
'face, poor girl, is a ſufficient ſe-
'curity

'curity for her virtue; ſhe need 'not pray for ſtrength to reſiſt 'temptation.'

'You are inclined to be witty, 'Madam,' ſaid Benevolus, 'on the 'young Lady's misfortune, for 'ſuch you ſeem to think it; but 'you certainly muſt entertain a 'very poor opinion of your own 'ſex, if you ſuppoſe, that no wo-'man is virtuous from principle.'

'You are miſtaken, my dear Sir,' ſaid Mr. Clayton, 'that Lady has 'two acquaintances, whom ſhe al-'lows to be the very quinteſſence 'of chaſtity; but one of whom is 'in

'in her eightieth year I believe,
'and the other was a cripple from
'her birth.'

'Your ſarcaſm, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. Tarniſh, bridling, 'ſhall not make 'me retract my opinion. I ſtill 'aver, that no woman can be 'deemed truly virtuous, who has 'never had any trials.'

'Your obſervation may, in ſome 'degree, be juſt,' ſaid Mrs. Clayton, 'but then conſider, Madam, 'that it is not in your power to 'aſcertain whoſe virtue has, or has 'not, been put to the trial; then pray 'have ſome charity for your ſex.'

'Aye, do have a little charity,' cried Mr. Clayton, 'if not for your 'neighbours ſake, at leaſt for your 'own; for you know we are told 'that charity covers a multitude of 'ſins.—Pray, Mrs. Tarniſh, do you 'ever read the ſcriptures?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Then you ſhould remember 'that we are alſo told to take the 'beam out of our own eye, that 'we may ſee clearly to pluck the 'mite out of our brother's.'

Theſe ironical ſpeeches greatly diſconcerted her;—ſhe knit her brow,

brow, bit her lips, and was going to reply with ſome acrimony, but a ſervant coming in with the tea put an end to the altercation; the converſation now took a different turn —various ſubjects were diſcuſſed, but as none of them had any tendency to ſcandal, the widow took very little part in them. At length quite tired of remaining ſo long ſilent, and determined to renew her favourite topic, ſhe turned to the Lady who ſat next her, ſaying in a whiſper (loud enough to be heard by all in the room),

'Pray, Madam, have you heard
'of Mr. Bentley's misfortune?—
'Poor man! I am heartily ſorry
'for him—his wife has elop'd.'

'Elop'd!' cried Mrs. Clayton,
'is it poſſible!—I always looked
'upon them to be a very happy
'couple.'

'Why, ſo moſt people thought,
'I believe, but you ſee there is no
'judging of theſe matters.'

''Tis a ſad affair to be ſure, and
'what makes it more ſhocking is,
'that ſhe went off with her huſ-
'band's

'band's own brother. I'll tell you
'how the buſineſs was contrived;
'ſhe went to the play with ſome
'female friends, and before it was
'quite over, contrived to have a
'meſſage delivered to her, as if
'from her huſband—out of the box
'ſhe flew, the Gentleman waited
'for her in a carriage at the door
'of the theatre, and away they
'drove together as faſt as the horſes
'could ſet their feet to the ground,
'where they went to, Heaven
'knows, but out of the kingdom to
'be ſure. You may depend upon
'it, Ladies, that this is an abſolute
'fact, as it was told me by the ſiſ-

'ter of a Lady who ſat in the ſame
'box, and ſaw the whole tranſac-
'tion. I proteſt I was ſo ſhocked
'at firſt hearing of it, that I could
'not reſt 'till I had unboſomed
'myſelf to two or three of my
'friends, for you know—

'Pardon me, Madam,' ſaid Be-
nevolus, 'for interrupting you,
'but I cannot poſſibly remain ſi-
'lent, while I hear a worthy family
'ſo cruelly aſperſed; indeed, I
'think myſelf happy that, by being
'at Mr. Bentley's at the time of
'this ſuppoſed elopement, I have
'it in my power to affirm, that
'there is not the leaſt foundation
'for

'for the ſtory you have related.' Then addreſſing himſelf to the company, who were all attention, he informed them, 'That while 'Mrs. Bentley was at the play, a 'meſſenger came from her mother, 'who reſided at Richmond, with 'the news that ſhe was taken dan-'gerous ill, and wiſhed to ſee her 'daughter immediately: Mr. Bent-'ley having appointed to meet a 'Gentleman upon particular buſi-'neſs, deſired his brother to take a 'coach, call at the theatre for his 'wife, and accompany her to 'Richmond, as he did not think it 'proper that ſhe ſhould go alone ſo 'late in the evening.'

This

This explanation gave great ſatisfaction to all preſent, eſpecially thoſe who were acquainted with the parties; but at the ſame time increaſed their diſlike to the widow, who, to exculpate herſelf, began to exclaim violently againſt the perſon from whom ſhe had received her intelligence, and pretended to be quite rejoic'd at hearing there was no truth in the ſtory. Finding, however, that her apologies were not well received, ſhe ſat for ſome time in ſullen ſilence, till Mr. Clayton (tapping her on the ſhoulder) ſaid—

'Well,

'Well, Mrs. Tarniſh, have you 'any more pretty anecdotes to en-'tertain us with?—Pray let them 'be quite new—Scandal is worth 'nothing, you know, when it 'grows ſtale.'

'Scandal, Sir,' ſaid the widow, 'do you ſuppoſe me to be an in-'venter of ſcandal?'

'I cannot preſume to ſay,' repli-ed Mr. Clayton, 'whether the ho-'nour of invention belongs to you, 'but that of circulation moſt un-'doubtedly does; and in my opi-'nion, the perſon who ſpreads a

'calumny,

'calumny, is but one degree leſs
'culpable than the inventor of it.'

Theſe ſarcaſtic reproofs, joined to the cool behaviour of the company in general, convinced the Lady, that ſhe was held in great contempt. Thoroughly mortified, ſhe roſe from her ſeat, and Mrs. Clayton making no efforts to detain her, departed without much ceremony. When ſhe was gone, Mr. Clayton congratulated his wife on being rid of ſo diſagreeable an acquaintance, at the ſame time obſerving, that the female ſex were much more addicted to ſcandal than the men.

'That

'That is an opinion.' ſaid Benevolus, 'that I can by no means 'adopt, as it appears to be founded on prejudice. The difference 'of diſpoſition and manners in the 'two ſexes, I have always conſidered as proceeding leſs from nature than cuſtom and education; 'virtue and vice are of no ſex, conſequently a bad heart, whether 'lodged in a male or female boſom, will be productive of the 'ſame vices.'

'But do you not allow,' ſaid Mr. Clayton, 'that each ſex have 'their peculiar foibles?'

'We

'We are ſpeaking of vices, my 'good Sir, not foibles.'

'That is a juſt diſtinction, Sir, '(ſaid one of the Ladies) foible is 'too mild an epithet for a crime ſo 'pernicious as calumny. Perhaps 'I am warmer on this ſubject from 'having once been a ſufferer by it, 'though not in my own perſon; 'yet in that of a near and valua-'ble relation.'

At the requeſt of the company the Lady related the ſtory; and as it may poſſibly ſerve as a caution to thoſe deſpicable wretches who

ſcruple

ſcruple not to gratify their vanity at the expence of female reputation, I ſhall make it the ſubject of the next chapter.

THE MALE DETRACTER.

You blaſt the Fair with lies becauſe they ſcorn you;
A ſkipping, dancing, worthleſs tribe you are,
Fit only for yourſelves—you herd together;
And when the circling glaſs warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never ſaw—
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
Theſe are the mean diſhoneſt arts of cowards—
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers,
Who, bred at home in idleneſs and riot,
Ranſack, for Miſtreſſes, th' unwholſome ſtews,
And never know the worth of virtuous Love!

ROWE.

AT the death of his father, Charles Clinton came to the poſſeſſion of an unincumbered eſtate of three thouſand a year; few men were more deſerving, or better qualified to make a proper uſe of the gifts of Fortune than himſelf; he was prudent without parſimony, and on proper occaſions, liberal without oſtentation or extravagance. His mother dying in his infancy, and his father being of a moroſe temper, he eſcaped a misfortune, too common to an only child—that of being ſpoiled by indulgence. He was a pleaſing companion, and a ſincere friend; nor had Nature been at all niggardly

of her favours—his perſon was manly and engaging, and his addreſs elegant—in a word, he poſſeſſed a clear head and a benevolent heart, though by no means unſuſceptible. Mr. Clinton had reached his twenty-eighth year, without having been what is called really in love; till Chance brought him acquainted with Miſs Harriet Selby, a young Lady his equal in every thing but fortune, which was no object to a man who had more than ſufficient for all the rational purpoſes of life; and whoſe utmoſt ambition in chooſing a wife was to inſure domeſtic felicity.

The

The perſonal attractions of Miſs Selby captivated his fancy; her mental charms ſecured his heart.

Mr. Selby, who had a large family to bring up, with a moderate fortune, was very happy in the proſpect of ſo advantageous a match for his daughter; and as the young Lady's affections were not engaged, it is not to be wondered that Mr. Clinton ſoon made himſelf maſter of them. After an acquaintance of about four months matters were ſettled to the ſatisfaction of all parties;—but, alas! how uncertain is human happineſs!—This pleaſing proſpect was

ſuddenly and totally deſtroyed, by the malignant tongue of Slander!

A few days preceding that which which was fixed upon for their union, Mr. Clinton went a few miles out of town to viſit an old acquaintance; at his return in the evening he called at the houſe of his intended bride, and hearing ſhe was gone to the play, followed her thither. On entering the theatre he perceived her on the oppoſite ſide; but as ſhe was in a front row, and the box quite full, he was compelled to give up all thoughts of joining her till the play was over, the laſt act of which

was

was juſt begun. Having watched her looks till a nod and a ſmile convinced him that he had caught her obſervation, he ſat down and turned his attention to the ſtage, till he was interrupted by the entrance of two modern young men of faſhion, in whoſe appearance and demeanor the Buck had totally obliterated the Gentleman. After opening and ſhutting the box door ſeveral times, with as much noiſe as poſſible, they ſeated themſelves behind him; one of them, taking out his glaſs, began to ſurvey the audience with great attention, while the other ſat humming a tune in a key not very agreeable to

thoſe

thoſe who were inclined to liſten to the performers; till his companion (flapping him on the ſhoulder) ſaid in a loud whiſper—

'That's a deviliſh fine girl, 'George, I wonder who ſhe is?'

'A fine girl,' replied the other, 'where is ſhe? the devil a face do 'I ſee but what's as old as my 'grandmother's, and as ugly as 'Meduſa; pray, which do you 'call a fine girl?'

'Why her with the auburn hair, 'without powder, in the oppoſite 'box; faith ſhe is a charming 'creature,

'creature, I muſt watch her home,
'if ſhe's come-at-able ſhe muſt be
'mine.'

'Come-at-able, ha! yes, yes, ſhe
'is come-at-able, never fear man,
'why, don't you know her?'

'Not I faith—who is ſhe—what's
'her name?'

'Harriet Selby.'

'The Devil, it is! why that's the
'girl you was in chace of laſt win-
'ter.'

'The very identical ſhe.'

'You

'You was very hot in that pur-
'ſuit, I remember, and you dropt
'it as ſuddenly.'

'Can't you gueſs the reaſon?'

'Why, becauſe you could not
'ſucceed, I ſuppoſe.'

'You would give a good ſum, I
'believe, to have the ſame ſucceſs.'

'Are you really in earneſt,
'George?'

'Upon my ſoul I am. So if you
'are contented to come after me,
'why you need not deſpair, Frank.'

'What

'What a curſed fickle fellow 'you are, George, to be ſo ſoon 'tired of ſuch a charming girl.'

'I ſhould be tired of an angel, 'unleſs that angel could vary her 'form; but, to tell you the truth, 'Frank, I found the conqueſt ra- 'ther too eaſy; had ſhe ſtood a 'longer ſiege, why, perhaps I 'ſhould not have been quite ſo 'ſoon weary of her; but, come 'along, let's go and talk the affair 'over a bottle, and then I'll tell 'you more about it.'

Here they bounced out of the box, with as much noiſe as they entered

entered it, leaving the unfortunate Clinton in a ſituation which it is hardly poſſible to deſcribe. Not ſuppoſing himſelf intereſted in their diſcourſe, he had been wholly regardleſs of it, till the name of Selby drew his attention, and induced him to liſten to the ſubſequent part. His aſtoniſhment at what he heard, could only be equaled by his indignation; in the firſt paroxiſms of which, he was on the point of making himſelf known, and demanding ſatisfaction; but a moment's reflection convinced him of the impropriety of ſuch a ſtep, not only from the alarm it would give Miſs Selby, from whom he wiſhed

to

to conceal the affair, at leaſt for the preſent, but alſo from the fear that the making it public might be a means of injuring that reputation he wiſhed to defend. Reſtrained by theſe conſiderations, he ſuffered the offender to depart, not doubting but he ſhould learn his name of the door-keeper; he was going out for this purpoſe, when he over-heard a Lady in the next box ſay to her companion,

'That Gentleman who went out 'firſt is Sir George Wilding, what 'a fine young fellow he is—'tis pity 'he's ſuch a libertine.'

This ſpeech greatly increaſed his uneaſineſs, as it recalled to his mind ſome circumſtances which, though trivial in themſelves at the time, now tended to create ſuſpicions which were very alarming.—He remembered, that Sir George being once mentioned in the preſence of Miſs Selby, ſhe changed countenance; and another time refuſed to go with ſome company to Vauxhall, on hearing he was to be of the party. The recollection of theſe little incidents operated ſo powerfully to the diſadvantage of Miſs Selby, that the very man who, but a few minutes before, would have ventur'd his life in de-

fence

fence of her innocence, now actually began to entertain doubts of it himſelf. Too much diſturbed to think of joining her, he hurried home, and retired to his chamber, where he paſſed a ſleepleſs night—Love, Reſentment, Hope, and Fear, by turns took poſſeſſion of his mind. When he reflected on the conſtant and unaffected modeſty of Miſs Selby's behaviour, from his firſt acquaintance with her to the preſent moment, he thought it impoſſible that ſhe could ever have been guilty of the ſmalleſt deviation from rectitude, and could hardly forgive himſelf for having entertained a doubt of her virtue.

After ruminating all night on the ſubject, he at laſt reſolved to viſit her in the morning, and take the firſt opportunity of mentioning Sir George Wilding; by the effect this had upon her, he imagined ſome judgment might be formed of the truth or falſehood of what he had heard.

It will now be proper to return to Miſs Selby, and account for thoſe incidents which gave riſe to Mr. Clinton's ſuſpicions.

About half a year before her acquaintance commenced with that Gentleman, Sir George Wilding had

had ſeen her at a private concert; her perſon took his fancy, and he was determined, if poſſible, to add her to the number of thoſe unfortunate females, who had already fallen a ſacrifice to his licentious paſſion. To facilitate his deſign, endeavoured to get acquainted with her brother, who was about two years older than himſelf, and a perfect Chamont in his ideas of honour; but this ſcheme proved abortive, young Mr. Selby ſuſpecting his deſign, conſtantly declined all his overtures, which obliged him to be more upon his guard. At length, by the aſſiſtance of his emiſſaries, who watched all her moti-

ons, he found ſeveral opportunities of ſpeaking to her unobſerved, when he never failed to make proteſtations of the moſt ardent and ſincere paſſion. Had his pretenſions been honourable, (though the libertiniſm of his character would have induced her to reject him) ſhe would ſtill have conſidered him as intitled to civility, but his clandeſtine behaviour convincing her of the baſeneſs of his deſigns; ſhe treated him with the moſt diſtant and haughty reſerve. Not eaſily intimidated, he perſecuted her with letters, which ſhe conſtantly returned unopened. This prudent conduct had at laſt the deſired effect.

fect. Finding no proſpect of ſucceſs, he dropped the purſuit; but enraged at his diſappointment, he did not ſcruple to inſinuate, though in very ambiguous terms, that her virtue was not impregnable. This ſhe was informed of by a friend, whoſe huſband had ſome intimacy with Sir George, but with this conſolation that it was no uncommon practice with him to traduce the virtue he could not ſubdue. The greateſt uneaſineſs ſhe felt from this unmanly behaviour, proceeded from the dread of its coming to the knowledge of her brother, from whoſe impetuoſity of temper ſhe had every thing to fear. Thus cir-

circumſtanced, it is not ſtrange that the mention of Sir George ſhould have ſome effect upon her countenance, or that ſhe ſhould be alarmed at ſeeing him in the ſame box with Mr. Clinton; her anxiety was greatly increaſed when ſhe ſaw them both go out, and found that the latter had actually quitted the theatre without waiting to ſpeak to her. When he came in the morning ſhe was at breakfaſt with her brother, but his appearance by no means diſſipated her uneaſineſs, as the viſible alteration in his looks, convinced her that his mind was not at eaſe.—Having pleaded illneſs, as an excuſe

cuſe for not joining her at the theatre, he aſked her (with an emotion which he vainly endeavoured to conceal) if ſhe knew Sir George Wilding?

After what had paſſed the preceding evening ſuch a queſtion, and put in ſuch a manner, could not fail to alarm her.—A crimſon glow overſpread her cheek, and ſhe anſwered, with ſome heſitation, that ſhe knew him by ſight.

'That is knowledge enough,' replied her brother, (laying aſide the newſpaper, his attention to which had prevented him from obſerving her

her embarraſſment). 'He is no 'deſirable acquaintance, I aſſure 'you; he once took ſome pains to 'cultivate an intimacy with me, 'but I deteſt his principles, and 'could not help ſuſpecting that he 'had ſome deſign upon you, Har-'riot—not that I had ever any rea-'ſon to doubt your prudence—'but the attempts of a man of his 'character are ſufficient to ſully a 'woman's reputation. I believe he 'has ſeduc'd more girls than e'er a 'young fellow in town beſide.'

During this ſpeech, which was not calculated to leſſen her confuſion, Mr. Clinton fixed his eyes upon

upon her, in ſuch a manner, that greatly increaſed it. She was now in momentary expectation of being compelled to acknowledge the inſult ſhe had received from Sir George; ſhe would have given the world for the abſence of her brother, as there was not any thing ſhe ſo much dreaded as ſuch an explanation in his preſence, knowing him to be ſo tenacious of the honour of his family, that nothing leſs than a duel would be the conſequence; the bare idea of which preſented the moſt horrid ſcenes to her imagination; — her brother weltring in his blood, with their parents accuſing her as the cauſe of

their

their ſorrow. Theſe terrors working ſo powerfully on her mind, agitated her whole frame, and her hand trembled ſo, ſhe could with difficulty pour out the tea. Her brother, having again taken up the newſpaper, did not obſerve her emotion, but it was a dagger to the heart of poor Clinton.

He had no longer any doubts, but was now as fully ſatisfied of her guilt, as if he had really been a witneſs to it. Convinced that he ſhould not be able to conceal his anxiety, he aroſe from his ſeat, looked at his watch, and pretended to recollect that he had appointed

ſome

ſome trades-people to call upon him, hurried out of the houſe, in an agony of mind which can only be conceived by thoſe who have been in a ſimilar ſituation.

After he was gone Miſs Selby retired to her own apartment, that ſhe might endeavour to compoſe her ſpirits, not doubting but Mr. Clinton would return in a few hours, when ſhe determined to take the firſt opportunity of coming to an explanation, which ſhe leſs feared with him than her brother, not only that his temper was leſs impetuous, but as ſhe flattered herſelf with having more in-

fluence over it;—but, alas! theſe were vain hopes—Fate had decreed it otherwiſe—they were to meet no more.

Mr. Clinton, on his arrival at home, called for pen, ink and paper, determined to write to Miſs Selby, upbraid her with her guilt, and then bid her eternally adieu! —He made many attempts for this purpoſe, and as often tore what he had written—This was too mild—that too ſevere. At length, after various efforts, with none of which he was ſatisfied, he wrote the following lines:

MADAM,

'MADAM,

'Your apparent confuſion this morning, at the mention of Sir George Wilding, leaves me no room to doubt the truth of that, which, but a few hours before, I was on the point of reſenting as the worſt of ſlanders: as you ſaw who was in the box with me laſt night, it will be needleſs to mention particulars. I confeſs the behaviour of your Seducer is truly deſpicable, and deſerves the ſevereſt puniſhment, but he muſt not receive it from me; had your honour been unſtained, I ſhould have gloried in defending it, even at the

hazard of all which the world deems valuable; but how can I ſeek the life of one, who, by ſuch a timely diſcovery, has preſerved me from infamy. Forgive the harſhneſs of the expreſſion, and conſider it as the language of phrenzy, from a man, whoſe heart is tortured with an ill-requited paſſion. How ſevere is the conflict between love and pride!—Oh! Harriot, you have deſtroyed my peace, yet the thoughts of parting is worſe than death! if I could ſcarcely bear the abſence of a day, how ſhall I ſupport an eternal ſeparation?—yet it muſt be—you have made me miſerable; but I muſt

endeavour

endeavour to avoid being contemptible.—Farewell!—how ſhall I add for ever!'

When he had ſealed this, he gave directions for horſes to be prepared immediately, for himſelf and one attendant, which being done, he gave the letter to a ſervant, with orders to deliver it as ſoon as he was gone; then mounting his horſe, he left home without informing any of his domeſtics, not even the one which attended him, what road he ſhould take.

During theſe tranſactions, Miſs Selby was trying every expedient

to calm the agitation of her ſpirits, but all without effect, even books and muſic had loſt their charms, her mind was in too diſcordant a ſtate to be improved by the one, or harmonized by the other: ſhe was juſt riſing from her harpſichord when the fatal letter was delivered to her, which ſhe opened with a trembling hand; overwhelmed with grief, reſentment, and ſurpriſe, at the horrid contents, ſhe ſat for ſome minutes almoſt without ſenſe or motion, 'till a ſhower of tears gave her ſome relief. At this juncture her brother entered the room; ſhocked at ſeeing her in ſuch a ſituation, he begged to know

know the cauſe; but before ſhe had power to reply, he caſt his eye on the letter, which ſtill lay on the table, and not doubting but it was that which had occaſioned her uneaſineſs, took it haſtily up.

Miſs Selby, watching his looks, perceived the gathering ſtorm;—ſhe now began to repent of her paſt ſecrecy; juſtifiable as the motives for it were, ſhe dreaded leſt it ſhould have made an ill impreſſion on the mind of her brother, and have given him an unfavourable opinion of her conduct. Eager to juſtify herſelf, ſhe did not give him time to require an explanation,

nation, but, after begging his pardon for her former reſerve, related all that had paſſed concerning Sir George; ſhe found it much eaſier to convince him of her innocence, than to reſtrain him from taking immediate vengeance on the traducer of it.

In vain did ſhe repreſent the madneſs of giving a man (who had already done them an injury) an opportunity of doing them an irreparable one. He was too much irritated to attend to any thing ſhe could urge on this ſubject; and taking up his hat was hurrying out of the room—but, before he could reach

reach the door, ſhe intercepted his paſſage, and catching him in her arms, beſought him, if he had any regard for her, to reſtrain his indignation, at leaſt for the preſent, and not hazard a life ſo truly dear and valuable to his family and friends, when ſome more prudent and juſtifiable means might hereafter be found to obtain redreſs.

Young Mr. Selby ſincerely loved his ſiſter, and would have given up the point to her in any thing that did not affect his honour, but where that was concerned, he was inflexible; yet, to quiet her fears, he pretended to acquieſce, and affectionately

fectionately embracing her, ſaid—
'He would only go in queſt of
'Mr. Clinton, to vindicate her in-
'nocence, and learn the particulars
'of what paſſed.'

On theſe conditions ſhe ſuffered him to depart, but not without repeated injunctions to return without attempting to ſee Sir George; this he did not heſitate to promiſe, with what ſincerity will be ſeen in the ſequel.

When he was gone ſhe again took up the letter, read it over and over, ſometimes with pity for, ſometimes with reſentment againſt the

the author, whom ſhe one minute wiſhed to ſee, and the next determined never to be reconciled to; for though ſhe had no room to doubt the ſincerity of his paſſion, yet ſhe could not help feeling ſome indignation at his unjuſt ſuſpicions.

It is needleſs to ſay with what impatience ſhe waited the return of her brother; but when two hours had elapſed without hearing of him, her anxiety was greatly increaſed; ſhe walked about the room inceſſantly, looked at her watch every moment, and could

ſcarcely

ſcarcely refrain from going out in ſearch of him.

In the height of this painful ſuſpence, ſhe was alarmed by a loud knocking at the door, which was followed by ſome exclamations of terror and ſurpriſe; among the ſervants ſhe ran, or rather flew, to the top of the ſtairs, and beheld a ſight which almoſt deprived her of exiſtence;—her brother lifted into the houſe, pale, bloody, and with ſcarce any ſigns of life. All the horrid phantoms of her imagination were now, indeed, realized. She had juſt ſtrength to reach the bottom

bottom of the ſtairs, and then fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.

In the midſt of this confuſion, while the attendants, after laying the wounded Gentleman on a ſopha, were employed in recovering the young Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Selby, who had been for ſome days out of town, entered the houſe: their grief and ſurpriſe at this melancholy ſcene, may be eaſier imagined than deſcribed. The only perſon capable of explaining the horrid buſineſs was the Surgeon, who came in the coach with young Mr. Selby, and was one of his intimate friends. He informed

them that the unhappy youth called at his houſe, and requeſted that he would go with him to Sir George Wilding, of whom he was going to demand ſatisfaction for ſome aſperſions thrown on his ſiſter's character. Finding that no argument could diſſuade him from his purpoſe, he conſented to accompany him, which he was the more readily induced to on account of his profeſſion, which might render him ſerviceable.

They found Sir George at home, who was not a little ſurpriſed at the viſit, and ſeemed inclin'd to make ſome conceſſions; but this

(Mr.

(Mr. Selby ſaid) was too late, and inſiſted upon his going with him immediately to Hyde Park, which Sir George conſented to, accompanied by a Gentleman they found with him. The firſt fire on each ſide was without effect, when both firing again at the ſame inſtant, they were both mortally wounded. Sir George only lived to recant what he had ſaid to the prejudice of Miſs Selby, and expired as they were lifting him into a coach.

During this recital the wretched parents hung in ſilent anguiſh over their almoſt expiring ſon, who, on his friends ceaſing to ſpeak, opened

his eyes, and, in faltering accent, beſought their forgiveneſs for the ſorrow he had brought upon them, by that miſtaken notion of honour to which he had juſtly fallen a ſacrifice; then taking his ſiſter's hand, who, recovered from her ſwoon, ſat weeping beſide him.

'Moderate your grief,' he ſaid, 'my dear Harriot, and endeavour 'to comfort our afflicted parents— 'join with them, I beſeech you, in 'imploring pardon for me of that 'Almighty Being, whoſe prerogative I have dared to uſurp; yet, 'oh! I fear your interceſſions will 'be in vain. How can I preſume

'to

'to hope for that mercy which I 'have denied another the oppor-'tunity of aſking?—How ſhall I ap-'pear before an offended God, 'who has ſaid that vengeance is his? '—What excuſe can I plead, for 'thus forcing myſelf into his awful 'preſence?'

Shocked, at theſe ſymptoms of deſpondence, the unhappy father, while tears almoſt choked his utterance, endeavoured to convince his ſon of the efficacy of a ſincere, though late repentance. To deſpair, he ſaid, was to doubt the goodneſs of the Deity, whoſe mercy was, at leaſt, equal to his juſtice:

for a proof of which he bade him remember the Thief upon the croſs. Something like a ſmile overſpread the countenance of the dying youth; at this glimmering of hope he ſtrove to ſpeak, but the icy hand of Death was on his tongue; he fixed his languid eyes for ſome moments on his father, then graſping his hand, preſſed it to his lips, and expired.

Here it will be moſt prudent to imitate the modeſty of that painter, who drew a veil over the ſorrow, which he found it impoſſible to deſcribe.

To

To compleat this melancholy cataſtrophe, Mr. Clinton, who had ſet out for the Continent, was, by the violent agitation of his ſpirits, thrown into a fever, which in a few days deprived him of exiſtence.

After his death a paper was found in his pocket, ſealed and directed to Miſs Selby, in which were the particulars of what had paſſed concerning Sir George.

The young Lady's grief for the loſs of two perſons ſo juſtly dear to her, brought on a fit of illneſs, from which ſhe was with great difficulty recovered.

recovered. At her requeſt Mr. Selby retired, with his family, into the country, where they have ever ſince led a recluſe and melancholy life, time ſeeming to have made but little abatement in their ſorrow. Thus, by a wanton calumny, the peace of a worthy family was totally deſtroyed, and three perſons deprived of exiſtence, two of them, (to uſe the words of the Poet) 'ſent 'to their laſt account—no reckon-'ing made.'

THE

THE BANK NOTE.

Endure and conquer; Jove will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good, your paſt and preſent woes.

POPE'S HOMER.

For bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And tho' a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds!

CONGREVE.

BENEVOLUS, being a much earlier riſer than his friend, had walked out ſeveral mornings before breakfaſt, not ſo much for recreation as in ſearch of deſerving objects, on whom, to exerciſe his philan-

philanthropy. Returning from one of theſe excurſions, he obſerved a fine boy, about four years old, his eyes ſwelled with crying, accompanied by a girl who appeared to be near double his age, both perfectly clean, though meanly clothed.

'What's the matter, my pretty 'fellow?' ſaid Benevolus, 'what 'do you cry for?'

'Becauſe he is a very naughty boy, Sir,' replied the girl.

'I am ſorry for that—What has 'he done?'

'Why,

'Why, a Lady at that houſe
'yonder gave him a penny, and
'ſhe gave me a penny too, and be-
'cauſe I won't let him ſpend his
'penny in apples, he cries ſo, I
'can't get him along, and he has
'been a fighting of me too, and
'has all ſcratched my arm.'

'That's very naughty indeed;
'but why did not you let him buy
'ſome apples?'

'Becauſe I want to carry the
'money home to my mammy to
'buy bread with it.'

'What,

'What, has your mammy got
'no bread for you?'

'No, ſhe's got no money to buy
'any, 'till ſhe has finiſhed her work.'

'What work does ſhe do?'

'Why, ſhe waſhes and irons, and
'makes ſhirts, and any thing ſhe
'can get.'

'But, what does your daddy do?'

'We han't got ne'er a daddy, he
'has been dead a great while; we
'have got a grand-mammy tho',
'but then ſhe's very old, and can't
'work.

'work. When my daddy was 'alive we had all victuals enough, 'becauſe he could earn a great 'deal of money, but my mammy 'can't earn ſo much, and ſo ſhe 'goes without victuals ſometimes 'to let my grand-mammy have it.'

Here Benevolus turned aſide, to wipe off the tear of pity that ſtole down his cheek; then addreſſing himſelf again to the child, 'Well, 'my pretty maid, and where does 'your mammy live?'

'Why, at that little houſe yon-'der, as far as ever you can ſee, 'but we ſhan't live there long, for

'the landlord ſays he'll turn us all 'out, becauſe my mammy can't 'pay her rent.'

Affected by the artleſs ſimplicity of the child's ſtory, Benevolus was on the point of accompanying her home, but recollecting that he ſhould make his friends wait breakfaſt, he took out his purſe and gave her half-a-crown, telling her to make haſte home with it to her mammy, and if they were good children he would come and ſee them and give them more money.

Finding, on his return, that Mr. and Mrs. Clayton were engaged to ſpend

ſpend the evening out, he excuſed himſelf from being of the party, and after dinner haſtened to the relief of the diſtreſſed family.

Having found the houſe which the child had pointed out to him, and obſerving a little ſhop at the next door, he went into it, that by purchaſing ſomething, he might have an opportunity of making ſome enquiries; the miſtreſs of the ſhop being a well-behaved woman, and alſo pretty loquacious, he found no great difficulty in entering into a converſation with her.

After a few trifling queſtions, he aſked 'who lived at the next 'houſe?'

'A worthy creature as ever was 'born, (replied the good woman) 'but very poor: ſhe has been a 'widow this half year, and has 'an antient mother and two chil-'dren to ſupport by the labour of 'her hands; ſhe was not brought 'up to hard work neither, ſo that 'all ſhe can earn, poor creature, is 'ſcarcely ſufficient to keep them 'from ſtarving, and now, to com-'pleat her misfortunes, the land-'lord is going to turn them out of 'doors,

'doors, becauſe ſhe can't pay the
'laſt quarter's rent.'

'Who is her landlord, pray?'

'Why an upſtart fellow, that
'lives juſt by; he was a journey-
'man bricklayer but a few years
'ago, but a relation dying and
'leaving him a legacy, he bought
'a parcel of old houſes and patched
'them up, and now he is a builder
'forſooth, and thinks himſelf one
'of the heads of the pariſh; but
'you muſt know, Sir, an odd
'circumſtance happened this morn-
'ing, which makes him ſtill rougher
'to her. While he was there

'threatning and teazing for what
'ſhe had not got, the children,
'who had been of an errand, came
'running in overjoy'd, and ſaid a
'Gentleman had given them ſome
'money, and promiſed to come
'and ſee them, and give them ſome
'more. The eldeſt, who is a girl,
'then gave her mother half a-
'crown wrapp'd in a bit of paper,
'which, on opening, ſhe found to
'be a Ten-pound Bank Note. On
'aſking the child how ſhe came by
'the paper, ſhe ſaid that ſhe be-
'lieved the Gentleman dropp'd it,
'for that, after he was gone,
'ſhe ſaw it on the ground, and
'took it up to wrap her money in.'

Here

Here it will be proper to inform my readers, that Benevolus, not having had occaſion to take out his purſe ſince the morning, had not as yet miſſed his Note, which he had dropp'd in giving the half-crown to the child. Perfectly ſatisfied at hearing it had fallen into ſuch hands, he diſcovered no ſymptoms of ſurprize, for fear of interrupting the good woman in her ſtory, who thus proceeded:

'The landlord, as you may ſuppoſe, Sir, was very well pleaſed 'at the ſight of the Note. Come, 'ſaid he, this is a very lucky job 'for you; now you can pay me

'my

'my rent, and have a good ſum
'left in your pocket. But the
'poor woman, being of a different
'opinion, aſſured him, ſhe could
'not think of making uſe of ano-
'ther perſon's property. Hoity-
'toity, ſaid he, what do you mean
'by that?—why its your own
'property now; poſſeſſion is nine
'points of the law, and if you
'keep your own counſel, who is to
'know any thing of the matter?—
'Heaven forbid, ſhe replied, that I
'ſhould be ſo deſtitute of gratitude,
'and indeed common honeſty; the
'child ſays that the Gentleman
'promiſed to call here, and if he
'does I ſhall certainly return him
'his

'his Note. They had agreat deal
'more pro and con upon the ſubject,
'but finding that he could not bring
'her to his way of thinking, he
'went away in a violent paſſion,
'ſwearing, that if ſhe did not alter
'her tone in a few hours, ſhe ſhould
'not ſleep another night in that
'houſe.'

Benevolus now attempted to ſpeak, but was prevented by his talkative companion.

'I beg your pardon, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'but a lucky thought has this
'minute popp'd into my head. I
'have heard ſome of the neigh-
'bours

'bours ſay, that there is a very 'good ſort of a Gentleman come 'to viſit at 'Squire Clayton's, and 'that he goes about among the 'poor people, and is very kind to 'them, that is, if they are induſtri-'ous and bear a good character.— 'Now, who knows but this may 'be him who gave the money to 'the child? I proteſt I have a good 'mind to ſtep in to Mrs. Brown, 'and perſuade her to run off to the ''Squire's, and aſk to ſpeak with 'his Lady, and tell her the whole 'ſtory.'

'I can ſave her that trouble,' replied Benevolus, 'as I know the 'Gentleman

'Gentleman extremely well, and I 'ſhall take the firſt opportunity to 'enquire about it. But firſt, be ſo 'good to tell me where this land-'lord of her's lives, that I may try 'if its poſſible to reaſon him into a 'little patience.'

'There, there he is,' ſaid ſhe, (looking through the window) 'juſt going into Mrs. Brown's; he 'is determined to be as good as 'his word, I ſuppoſe, and is going 'to turn them all out; and if he 'does, I'll take them in; poor 'creatures! they ſha'n't want for 'an habitation while I have a 'ſpare room in my houſe, though

'I were

'I were ſure never to have a far-
'thing for it.'

Then calling ſomebody to mind her ſhop, ſhe hurried into her neighbour's, whither our Philanthropiſt, without waiting for invitation, followed her. They found the poor woman vainly endeavouring to ſoften the heart of her obdurate landlord.

Benevolus perceiving that he was not likely to relent, aſked him how much was due to him.

'Why, a quarter's rent, that's
'five and twenty ſhillings.

'Only

'Only one quarter, and is it
'poſſible you can have ſo little
'feeling, as to turn a helpleſs fa-
'mily out of doors, for ſo ſmall a
'ſum as five and twenty ſhil-
'lings?'

'If you think it ſuch a ſmall ſum
'you had better pay it for her;—
'its fine talking indeed—ſeveral
'ſmall ſums put together make a
'large one—but if my tenants don't
'pay me, how am I to pay other
'people?'

'The reſt of your tenants may
'not be ſo poor as this; and as you
'are a man of property, ſuppoſing

'it were a whole year's rent, the 'loſs could not ruin you.'

'Ruin me! no, thank God, I'm 'not ſo poor to be ruined by the 'loſs of five pounds; but if I was 'to follow your advice, and let 'every body live in my houſes for 'nothing, I ſhould very ſhortly 'have no habitation for myſelf.'

'That you certainly would not,' replied Benevolus, 'if he to whom 'you are indebted for all you have, 'was as ſevere upon you as you are 'upon this poor woman.'

The eldeſt child now coming into the room, ran up to her mother, exclaiming, 'mammy! mammy 'that is the Gentleman who gave 'me the money this morning.'

The mother, revived by this piece of intelligence, approached Benevolus very reſpectfully, and after thanking him for his kindneſs to the child, offered him the Note, which, to her great ſurprize, he diſclaimed all pretenſions to.

'How! Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'not your's? '—why, did not you loſe it this 'morning?'

'I dropt it, I muſt confeſs,' ſaid he, 'but I cannot call that loſt, 'which has fallen into ſuch good 'hands; keep it therefore, not as 'a reward adequate to your merit, 'but as an earneſt of what I mean 'to do for you.'

Overwhelmed with joy and ſurprize, ſhe ſtood for ſome moments almoſt motionleſs, at length burſting into tears, ſhe threw herſelf at the feet of her benefactor, whom ſhe could hardly help conſidering as ſome Superior Being dropt from the clouds to her aſſiſtance.

The

The youngeſt child, terrified at this ſcene, which he could not comprehend, began crying, and looking up at Benevolus, whom he ſuppoſed to be angry, he claſped his little hands together, and with ſome difficulty ſobbed out 'pray, 'pray, forgive my mammy.'

The pathethic look and action of this little ſupplicant, would have melted a heart leſs ſuſceptible than that of our Philanthropiſt, who, taking him up in his arms, wiped away his tears, and endeavoured, by his careſſes, to convince him that he was not diſpleaſed.—The child being at length pacified,

and the mother become rather more tranquil, was giving vent to the overflowing of a greatful heart, when the landlord, not in the leaſt moved at this affecting ſcene, obſerved a ſervant of Mr. Clayton's paſſing by the door, and, having a job in hand for his maſter, he beckoned the man in, by which means he had the mortification of diſcovering, that the perſon he had treated with ſo little reſpect was a particular friend of that Gentleman's. He now heartily repented his paſt conduct, not from any real compunction, but the fear of incurring the diſpleaſure of Mr. Clayton, who was one of his beſt

cuſtomers,

cuſtomers, and had ſufficient influence in the neighbourhood to deprive him of the greateſt part of his buſineſs.

To avert this misfortune, he pretended to be ſorry for his former ſeverity, offered to forgive the quarter's rent, affected to compaſſionate thoſe, who, but a few minutes before, he was ready to ſpurn from his preſence, and behaved with all that abject ſervility which is generally the concomitant of inſolence in low ſelfiſh minds.

This ſudden change, as the motives for it were pretty obvious, had

had no other effect than to increaſe the contempt of Benevolus; who, without deigning to liſten to his apologies, ordered him to write a receipt, in ſo peremptory a tone, as left no room for any reply. While this was doing he told Mrs. Brown that it was his intention to make her an annual allowance, and deſired to know how much, with the aſſiſtance of her own induſtry, would be ſufficient for the ſupport of herſelf and family?

'Ten pounds a year,' ſhe ſaid, 'would make her happy.'

'Since

'Since your deſires are ſo mode-
'rate,' replied her benefactor, 'I
'ſhall double the ſum.—Spare your
'acknowledgments, (ſeeing ſhe was
'about to ſpeak) they are due only
'to him who has bleſſed me with
'the means of rewarding merit.'—
Then taking out his purſe, he put two guineas into her hand, deſiring her to lay it out with her good-natured neighbour, in ſuch commodities as her ſhop afforded, and diſtribute them at diſcretion among the poor inhabitants of the place. Without giving them time to reply, he turned to the landlord, paid him his rent, and with a look of more ſeverity than he was accuſtomed

cuſtomed to wear, adviſed him to go home, and peruſe the 18th Chapter of St. Mathew, and learn from thence, not to expect that mercy from his Creator, which he refuſed to a fellow-creature.

THE

THE STOIC.

Men counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give inſtructful med'cine unto rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words!
Thus it is all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue nor ſufficiency
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf.
And there was never yet Philoſopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the ſtile of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE

THERE is an aptitude in all who walk the flowery path of life, to recommend patience to thoſe who are doomed to tread the thorny way. Amongſt the neighbouring Gentlemen, who ſometimes viſited Mr. Clayton, was one of theſe pretenders to philoſophy, who, by his affected contempt both of pleaſure and pain, had acquired the appellation of Stoic, a title beſtowed upon him rather as a burleſque than a compliment; for as he had never taſted the bitter cup of Anguiſh or Adverſity, conſequently had given no particular proofs of his fortitude, it was a matter of doubt with his acquaintance

tance whether or not he had any pretenſions to this cardinal virtue.

The evening before Benevolus took leave of his friends, the above-mentioned Gentleman happened to make one of a large party of both ſexes, who were aſſembled at Mrs. Clayton's tea-table; one of the Ladies complaining of a violent head-ach, gave him an opportunity of introducing his favourite topic of converſation; he expatiated on the folly of complaining of thoſe ſuppoſed evils which it was not in our power to remedy, endeavoured to prove that pain was for the moſt part imaginary,

that what was generally called calamities, ought to be conſidered as the common occurrences of life, and that even poverty, ſickneſs and loſs of friends, were too trivial in their nature to diſturb the tranquillity of a wiſe man. All his rhetoric on this ſubject could not prevail on the company to adopt his opinion. Some ſignified their diſapprobation by a contemptuous ſilence; others ſpoke their ſentiments with a warmth that proved they had no claim to the title of philoſophers.

Mr.

Mr. Clayton obſerving that Benevolus took no part in the converſation, ſaid, with a ſmile—

'Come, Sir, be ſo good to favour us with your opinion on the ſubject—Do you think it poſſible to put this Gentleman's theory in practice?'

'He that does,' replied Benevolus, 'muſt, in my opinion, be ſomething more, or ſomething leſs than human.'

'How, Sir,' ſaid the Stoic; 'Do you ſuppoſe fortitude to be incompatible with humanity?'

'By no means, Sir; I think it 'very juſtly ranked amongſt the 'cardinal virtues; but we ſhould 'endeavour to diſtinguiſh real for-'titude from that frigid inſenſibi-'lity which excludes ſympathy, and 'places its poſſeſſor—

Above Life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.

POPE.

'The philoſophy which enables 'us to riſe ſuperior to the viciſſitudes 'of life, muſt have religion for its 'baſis. I am ready to agree with 'you, Sir, that the generality of 'mankind are too apt to magnify 'their calamities, and think the

'burden

'burden inſupportable, which, if 'borne with patience, would loſe 'half its weight. To murmur and 'repine at the diſpenſations of Pro-'vidence, is not only a weakneſs, 'but a crime; yet to be wholly 'diveſted of feeling and ſenſibility, 'is to want the diſtinguiſhing cha-'racteriſtics of humanity.'

Benevolus had ſcarcely ceaſed ſpeaking, when a ſervant, coming into the room with a tea-urn, ſlipped his foot, and ſpilt ſome of the boiling water on the leg of the pretended Stoic—all his boaſted fortitude vaniſhed in a moment—he ſwore half a dozen oaths in a

breath, called the ſervant as many blockheads and raſcals, and had not ſome of the Gentlemen interpoſed, would have beſtowed upon him more ſubſtantial proofs of his rage. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton endeavoured to apoligize for the accident, and loſt no time in procuring the lenitives, uſually applied on ſuch occaſions. The contempt, which the puſillanimous behaviour of this pſeudo philoſopher had excited in the company, withheld them from offering any other conſolation than admonitions to Patience.

'Patience!'

'Patience!' he exclaimed, 'z—s! 'how can any body talk of pati- 'ence to a perſon in ſuch agony of 'pain?'

'How, Sir, (cried the Lady who 'had complained of the head-ach) 'pain, did you ſay!—is it poſſible 'you can be ſuſceptible of that 'which you juſt now affirmed to 'be imaginary?'

'Well, Madam,' (he replied, in a peeviſh tone) 'I am not going 'to retract from my opinion; I 'ſtill ſay that ſome pains are ima- 'ginary.'

'Come,

'Come, come,' (ſaid one of the Gentlemen, clapping him on the ſhoulder) 'you have forfeited all 'pretenſions to Stoiciſm;—thoſe 'who attempt to ſoar above 'Human Nature generally ſink be-'neath it; you have now learned, 'by experience, the difference be-'tween the theory and the practice 'of philoſophy; ſo, prythee, ſub-'mit to your humiliation with a 'good grace, and when ever you 'attempt in future to diſpute the 'reality of pain, don't forget to 'exempt the pain of a ſcalded leg.'

THE

THE COTTAGE.

Be ſatisfi'd and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act chearfully and well, thy allotted part;
Enjoy the preſent hour, be thankful for the paſt,
And neither fear nor wiſh the approaches of the laſt.

COWLEY.

They cannot want, who wiſh not to have more,
Who ever ſaid an Anchoret was poor?

DRYDEN.

BENEVOLUS having, at the earneſt intreaty of his friends, continued with them a week longer than he at firſt intended, took his leave,

leave, and returned to his mother's, where he ſpent the remainder of the ſummer, not in uſeleſs apathy, or puerile amuſements, but in ſuch active benevolence as gained him the reſpect and admiration of all around him; few, indeed, had the happineſs of knowing, without being indebted to him for ſome addition to their felicity, to which he contributed either by his purſe, his advice, or his example.—The ſorrow which he could not entirely heal, he endeavoured to alleviate; the burden which he could not wholly remove, he did all in his power to lighten; and very ſeldom had

had occaſion to lament, like Titus, 'that he had loſt a day.'

Returning home one evening, after taking his accuſtomed walk, he ſtopped to admire the neatneſs of a little Cottage, the door of which being open, gave him an opportunity of hearing what paſt between a middle aged man, (who ſeemed buſy in preparing a homely ſupper), and a female who was juſt entering:—'I am glad you are 'come, Mary, (ſaid the former), I 'have got ſome bacon and cabbage 'for your ſupper; I thought you'd 'be tir'd, ſo I got leave of Maſter 'to give over work an hour ſooner,

'that

'that I might get it ready againſt
'you came home.'

'You are very good, Thomas,'
(replied the woman), 'but what
'will you ſay when I tell you that
'I have brought no money home.'

'Say, why that you have had
'bad luck, to work all day and get
'nothing for it.'

'Not ſo bad as that neither, I
'was paid for my work, but I
'parted with the money by the
'way.'

'Well,

'Well, well, you bought ſome-
'thing that you wanted, I ſuppoſe.'

'Not ſo, neither; but I'll tell
'you how it was; as I came along
'I overtook poor Mrs. Hunt, who
'had been to farmer Gibſon's to
'carry home a ſhirt that ſhe had
'made; in coming home ſhe had
'the misfortune to loſe the money
'ſhe had taken thro' a hole in her
'pocket, which ſhe did not know
'of; ſhe told me that ſhe had been
'all the way back in ſearch of it,
'but without ſucceſs; and that ſhe
'dreaded the thoughts of going
'home, being very ſure that her
'huſband, (who is a ſad good-for-

 'nothing

'nothing man) would abuſe, and 'perhaps beat her, for coming 'home without money; ſo to ſave 'the poor woman from being ill-'uſed I gave her what I had earned. 'I hope you won't be angry, Tho-'mas.'

'Angry,' (replied the huſband) 'God forbid that I ſhould be angry 'with you for doing ſuch a neigh-'bourly action, it is but our work-'ing a little the harder, you know, 'till we have fetched it up again; 'we ſhall never be a farthing the 'poorer for that, Mary, I am ſure.'

Pleaſed

Pleaſed at the goodneſs of heart ſo conſpicuous in this worthy couple, and impatient to reward it, Benevolus ſtood ſome minutes conſidering what method he ſhould take to introduce himſelf, when a ſudden ſhower of rain furniſhed him with a good excuſe for entering the Cottage to requeſt a little houſe room.

'By all means, Sir,' ſaid the man, ſetting him a chair, 'you are 'heartily welcome to ſuch ſhelter 'as our poor habitation can afford; 'pray be ſeated.'

The wife received him with equal civility, and begged he would not think of walking farther till the rain was over. She then took up the bacon and cabbage, and, after ſome apologies for the coarſeneſs of the fare, invited her gueſt to partake of it, aſſuring him that, though homely, it was perfectly clean.

The extreme neatneſs of every thing he ſaw left him no room to doubt the truth of what ſhe ſaid, and fearing that, as a ſtranger and a looker on, he ſhould be ſome reſtraint upon them, he readily accepted her invitation.

After

After ſome converſation, which confirmed him in the good opinion he entertained of theſe hoſpitable Cottagers, he acquainted them with the purport of his viſit, adding, that he was induced to aſſiſt them, by having over-heard their diſcourſe before he entered.

They both expreſſed the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of gratitude for his benevolent intentions, but aſſured him, that as they were not in want of the neceſſaries of life, they could not think of impoſing upon him, by accepting that which ſo many poor families were in much greater want of than themſelves.

The ſurpriſe which took place in the mind of our Philanthropiſt, at ſuch an uncommon inſtance of moderation and ſelf-denial, prevented him at firſt from making any reply, which the man obſerving, ſaid

'I hope, Sir, you are not offend-
'ed at our behaviour; it is not
'from pride that we declined ac-
'cepting of your bounty, but be-
'cauſe we are poſſeſſed of that
'which far ſurpaſſes wealth, I mean
'content; not that I have any pre-
'tenſions to merit on this account,
'ſince I owe my preſent happineſs
'to the advice and example of one

'of

'of the beſt of wives. When we
'were firſt married we rented a
'pretty large farm, but in leſs than
'a year we loſt every thing we had
'in the world by fire. This mis-
'fortune compelled us, like our firſt
'parents when driven out of Para-
'diſe, to earn our bread by the
'ſweat of our brow. With ſhame,
'I now confeſs, that I ſubmitted to
'this with the greateſt reluctance,
'murmuring at Providence, for
'what I preſumed to call the injuſ-
'tice of its diſpenſations. I could
'not bear the thoughts of being
'ſubſervient to thoſe, who had ſo
'lately been my equals. Thus, by
'the ſullenneſs of my behaviour, I

'diſguſte

'diſguſted my employers, and by
'inceſſant repining injured my
'health. My wife having leſs pride
'and more fortitude, was perfectly
'reſigned, and in the tendereſt
'manner poſſible, ſhe repreſented
'to me the impropriety and folly
'of my conduct, endeavouring to
'convince me, that in religion only
'I muſt expect to find conſolation.
'Being better acquainted with the
'Scriptures than myſelf, ſhe took
'every opportunity of reading to
'me ſuch parts as were moſt calcu-
'lated to teach me ſubmiſſion to the
'Divine Will, by reminding me,
'that perſons, in whoſe preſence I
'was not worthy to appear, had

'undergone

'undergone the ſevereſt afflictions,
'and that even the Saviour of the
'world was a man of ſorrows, and
'acquainted with grief; that he ſuf-
'fered both hunger and thirſt, and
'had not where to lay his head.'

'The prudent and pious endea-
'vours of this excellent woman
'had the deſired effect. I was at
'length made ſenſible of my er-
'rors, and reconciled to a ſtation
'in which, for above twenty years,
'I have enjoyed ſincere happineſs;
'as we have no children, and are
'both bleſſed with tolerable good
'health, we find no great difficulty
'in earning our ſubſiſtence; we

'have

'have no imaginary wants, thoſe
'of nature are ſupplied by the la-
'bour of our hands; our food,
'though plain, is wholeſome; we
'ſit down to it with a good appe-
'tite, and riſe with a ſatisfaction
'unknown to thoſe who eat the
'bread of idleneſs, and indulge
'themſelves in the gratification of
'deſires, which we have long
'learned to ſuppreſs.'

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of a girl about ten years old, very meanly cloathed, who, going up to the miſtreſs of the Cottage, ſaid, in a low voice—

'My

'My mother would be much
'obliged to you, Mrs. Williams,
'if you will lend her a penny till
'my father comes from his work;
'ſhe has got a ſhirt that muſt be
'finiſhed to-night, and ſhe has no
'money to buy a candle.'

The good woman having diſ-
miſſed the child, but not without
granting her requeſt, turned to
Benevolus, ſaying—

'I hope, Sir, you will not be
'offended if I take the liberty of
'ſpeaking to you in behalf of that
'poor family, ſince there cannot
'be more deſerving objects of cha-
'rity.

'rity. The girl you juſt now ſaw, 'is the eldeſt of ſeven; the father 'and mother are both very induſ-'trious, but though they work 'almoſt night and day, they can 'hardly get bread for ſuch a fa-'mily.'

'I ſhould be obliged to you,' replied Benevolus, (taking out his purſe) 'if you will take the trou-'ble of being my almoner on this 'occaſion.'

He then put five guineas into her hand, deſiring ſhe would make uſe of it for the benefit of the above-mentioned family.

'Heaven

'Heaven reward you Sir,' ſhe replied, 'I ſhall rejoice in executing 'this commiſſion, the more ſo, as I 'am convinced you will have no 'cauſe to repent of your bounty; but 'I hope, Sir, (added the good wo-'man) you will do me the honour 'to call in when you come this way 'again, that I may give you an ac-'count how the money is diſ-'poſed.'

'There is no occaſion for that,' ſaid Benevolus, 'I cannot doubt 'the integrity of perſons who have 'given ſuch evident proofs of diſ-'intereſtedneſs; but nothwithſtand-

'ing this, I ſhall certainly pay you
'another viſit, that I may learn
'what other perſons there are in
'this neighbourhood, who have
'need of my aſſiſtance, that is, who
'deſerve it I mean; for though I
'ſhould think myſelf unpardonable
'in neglecting real merit, I by no
'means intend to encourage idle-
'neſs.'

After ſome diſcourſe upon this ſubject, the ſhower being over, our Philanthropiſt took his leave, extremely well ſatisfied with his evening's adventure, and determined not to leave the country till he had

placed

placed this worthy couple in a ſituation more ſuitable to their merit. An opportunity for this ſoon offered; a farm belonging to his mother's eſtate being unoccupied, the old lady, not leſs pleaſed than her ſon with the character of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, put them in immediate poſſeſſion of it, with a promiſe of taking no rent for the firſt two years.

Winter being now approaching, Benevolus, (having promiſed to meet Mr. Clayton in town) took leave of his mother, and ſet out on horſeback, but before he had reached the end of his journey, a

violent ſtorm of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, induced him to take ſhelter in a ſtage coach which he overtook on the road.

THE

THE CYNICK.

As a Proteſtant, I do not ſuffer my zeal ſo far to tranſport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together; and as I am an Engliſhman, I am very cautious not to hate a ſtranger or deſpiſe a poor Palitine.

STEELE.

AMONG the perſons who were already ſeated in the coach, Benevolus recollected one of his town neighbours, or to ſpeak with more propriety, one who lived near him; ſince to be a neighbour, in the true ſenſe of the word, it is neceſſary to

be endowed with thoſe ſocial virtues, to which this Gentleman had not the leaſt pretenſions. Miſanthropus, by which name I ſhall diſtinguiſh him, was one of thoſe gloomy beings who view every thing on the dark ſide, and are too proud to be pleaſed—too wiſe to be happy;—though not addicted to any particular vice, he could not be ſaid to poſſeſs more than negative virtue. By never contracting any debts, he conſidered himſelf as an honeſt man; by his regular attendance at church, as a religious one; conſtitutionally abſtemious, and averſe to thoſe exceſſes by which the young and gay are too often miſled,

miſled, he made no allowance for the leaſt deviation in others; hoſpitality was luxury, and convivial pleaſures downright licentiouſneſs; to be affected at the diſtreſſes of our fellow-creatures, was want of philoſophy; to excuſe their errors, impiety; pity being a weakneſs, and lenity an encouragement to vice. This he carefully avoided, by never ſhewing that mercy to another, which he was too much of the Phariſee to ſuppoſe he ſtood in need of himſelf. For upwards of thirty years he had poſſeſſed (without enjoying) an ample fortune; nor had ever leſſened it by any acts of beneficence, being too good an œconomiſt,

nomiſt, to imitate Benevolus, whom he conſidered as little better than a fool or a mad-man, for appropriating his money to ſuch uſeleſs purpoſes, as cloathing the naked and feeding the hungry.

With diſpoſitions ſo diametrically oppoſite, it is not to be wondered at, that theſe two Gentlemen had reſided near twenty years in the ſame ſtreet without having exchanged twice as many words; nor did their preſent meeting in the leaſt contribute to increaſe their veneration for each other.—The natural aſperity of Miſanthropus was a good deal heightened by

by having two natives of France for his fellow-travellers—a people for whom he entertained a hearty averſion;—he ſeemed, indeed, to have adopted the opinion of a late celebrated Writer—That to be a Frenchman, was to be every thing that's contemptible.

The two Foreigners had no ſooner quitted the coach than he gave vent to his ſpleen, by beſtowing upon them ſome very opprobrious epithets, and exclaiming vehemently againſt the Engliſh, for encouraging a pack of raſcals, who came here only to pick our pockets.

Benevolus,

Benevolus, diſguſted at ſuch illiberal ſentiments, could not conceal his diſapprobation.

'National reflections, Sir,' ſaid he, 'are not only cruel but unjuſt, 'ſince the place of our birth, not 'being in our own choice, can-'not poſſibly reflect either honour 'or diſgrace.'

Miſanthropus—If the people of one country are more addicted to vice and folly than thoſe of another, I ſee neither cruelty nor injuſtice in expoſing them.

Benevolus

Benevolus—That will always remain; and if I believe, human nature, I am apt to think, is, and has been nearly the ſame in all ages, and all countries; and were we to make our obſervations on mankind, without prejudice or partiality, we ſhould often find as much difference in individuals of the ſame nation, nay, even in the ſame perſon at different times, as between thoſe who were born a thouſand miles aſunder.

Miſanthropus—You are not very partial, I perceive, to your own country.

Benevolus

Benevolus—The world is my country, Sir; and every honeſt man is my brother.

Miſanthropus—I beg your pardon, Sir; I always took you for an Engliſhman.

Benevolus—You were not miſtaken, Sir; I drew my firſt breath in the great Metropolis, to which we are now approaching; I am not aſhamed of being an Engliſhman, nor yet ſo proud of it as to look with contempt on others, merely for being born in a leſs happy clime; we are all the work of the

ſame

ſame Almighty hand, ſubject to the ſame wants and infirmities; conſequently have a right to the ſame immunities.

Miſanthropus—Your philanthropy is very extenſive, it reaches to all religions, I ſuppoſe, as well as all countries.

Benevolus—Undoubtedly it does, I have ever been an advocate for toleration.

Miſanthropus—Why 'tis that toleration, as you call it, that has occaſioned ſo many hereſies in the church; to what purpoſe have we

an eſtabliſhed form of worſhip, when ſuch numbers are ſuffered to diſſent from it; our laws are too mild in that reſpect; thoſe who will not conform, ought to be puniſhed for their obſtinacy.

Benevolus—Such ſeverity would rather increaſe than diminiſh thoſe hereſies you complain of; if we wiſh to make Proſelytes, we ſhould attempt it by milder methods than perſecution, which would be not only tyrannical, but impolitic.

Miſanthropus—I am ſpeaking of things in a religious ſenſe, not a political one; but perhaps you are

one

one of thoſe high-flown Gentlemen who are above the reſtraints of religion, who boaſt of being virtuous from principle, and do good without hopes of reward.

Benevolus—How, Sir; may I not be an enemy to perſecution, without being either an Atheiſt or a Deiſt?

Miſanthropus—I don't pretend to ſay you are either, but you ſeem to make no diſtinction between Chriſtians, Jews, or Infidels.

Benevolus—That depends upon circumſtances;—had I a ſon who

ſtood in need of a preceptor, I ſhould make a point of chuſing an Engliſhman and a Proteſtant; but were I ſolicited to an act of kindneſs to any man, provided he was an honeſt one, I ſhould ſcorn to aſk him either his country or his religion.

Here the diſcourſe was interrupted, by their arrival in town; and as neither of the parties had any inclination to renew it, they ſeparated on quitting the coach, too little pleaſed with each other, to make any overtures towards a future acquaintance.

THE

THE CATASTROPHE.

He taught us how to live, and Oh! too high
A price for knowledge—taught us how to die.

TICKEL.

FOR ſome weeks after his return to town, our Philanthropiſt ſpent the greateſt part of his time in viſiting the different priſons of this Metropolis, endeavouring, as much as poſſible, to alleviate the miſeries of captivity, and liberating

thoſe whoſe misfortunes were not the effect of idleneſs or extravagance; more anxious to procure health and happineſs for others, than careful to preſerve his own, he entered the chamber of diſeaſe without fear or precaution—Fatal negligence! A putrid fever raged in one of the priſons; he caught the infection, which in leſs than a fortnight deprived ſociety of one of its greateſt bleſſings, and the world of one of its greateſt ornaments. Senſible of his approaching diſſolution, he expected the aweful moment without impatience, and met the Univerſal Conqueror with

with that fortitude which religion only can inſpire:—Death could have no terrors for one whoſe life had been a conſtant preparation for Eternity—the poſt he had filled with integrity, he reſigned with ſubmiſſion—the being he had preſerved without ſolicitude, he quitted without reluctance—and compleated a life of perfect rectitude, by a death of perfect reſignation.

Here let us cloſe the ſcene; to proceed further would (as Sterne ſays) be touching on a flat key.—Permit me, therefore, gentle reader, to conclude with a petition to

the

the Father of the Universe, bow
for you and myself—

That we may die the death of
the righteous, and that our laſt
end may be like his.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM